

The Embassy

"Our Time Is Fleeting"

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this is a culmination of our efforts
we're trading in sure bets for something better
she tried to speak her mind but you won't let her
have her moment at the microphone
but i don't think she's coming home tonight

innocence as good as information
she's folding paper doves out of the pages of
revelations
but i can tell that train has left the station
conductor made his final call
but i don't think she heard at all

we tend to wear the masks
of the men we fear as foes
and slowly turn the tango with their ghosts
but what of all the times
when we said we'd speak of hope
but slit the necks of those we loved the most

our time is fleeting
and it's leaving us behind

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